

# THE NATIONAL REMEDY COMPANY



## TESTIMONIALS.

We publish nothing in the way of testimonials. To the intelligent reader they are useless. Syphilis is a disease that naturally begets secrecy in those who are unfortunate enough to contract it, and seldom, if ever, could testimony of responsible patients be obtained for publication.

Public testimonials are usually branded as fictitious, and this is as a rule a correct term for them.

In August, 1888, Prof. Goss says in the St. Louis Medical Brief that "Mercury or Potash never cured Syphilis"; still the orthodox physician continues their use. Mercury and Potash only dry up and imprison the disease for a short time, subsequently the sufferer breaks out in the most violent and malignant syphilitic ulcers. There is not a case on record where syphilis has been cured by this method of treatment.

Thousands of sufferers annually visit the many watering resorts and sanitariums for the cure of syphilis. Why? Because the physician, having exhausted all his skill in trying to effect a cure, and drained the purse of the patient to the best of his ability, takes this method of getting rid of the charge that he has taken for purely mercenary motives. The patient usually takes the advice of his physician and repairs to the Hot Springs, only to receive mercurial treatment in much stronger doses. This for a time cures the disease, and the invigorating baths to be had at those places seemingly puts the dread disease to death. What deception! You that, have tested it, can testify. Yet there are many who repeat the treatment, hoping against hope, that a cure can be effected, and finally they must come to the realization that they have spent their money and time in vain.

Facts need no protection, jealousy and falsehoods defeat themselves. The production of Syphiline is the result of investigation and scientific research, and is the only true specific known.

We are prepared to demonstrate this to the satisfaction of the greatest skeptic. We have the credit of hundreds of cases of absolute cure, and we defy the world to produce a case we cannot cure.

Correspondents will please bear in mind that we are in daily receipt of hundreds of letters that require answers, and we would respectfully ask that all who desire information, write us plainly about their case, without any concealment whatever. This will enable us to give you most satisfactory advice as to the course best for you to pursue, as well as the cost of treatment.

If you, dear reader, are a sufferer from any private disease, consult with us and we will convince you that you can find the boon you have been searching for.



— THE —

## ONLY SPECIFIC REMEDY

Known that will permanently cure Syphilis in any of its stages.

# SYPHILINE

PRIMARY      TERTIARY  
SECONDARY      HEREDITARY

## THE NATIONAL REMEDY CO.,

1414 Dodge St., OMAHA, NEB.



## WHAT SYPHILINE WILL DO.

When we announce that Syphiline is a marvelous remedy, we are not exaggerating the truth. We have on record many cases of Syphilis that have been absolutely and permanently cured in from ten (10) to thirty (30) days; yet while this has been the result in many instances, we had much rather report to you, that it will take two or three months to perform a cure, and then have you agreeably disappointed by relief from your malady in much less time.

Certain it is, that Syphiline will cure Syphilis in far less time than any other known remedy. A course of our treatment is from 3 to 7 doses, with a period of rest for about seven days, before starting on another course. Often it happens that a single course does all that is necessary to effect a cure. Then it will be seen that those who simply wish to try a course, have obtained a radical and permanent cure at a trifling cost. Syphiline will do its work if taken as directed, and it is just as safe, although powerful in its physiological effects as any remedy that can be administered. To the patient who has not the available funds to come here for treatment, where the case warrants the necessity of such a course, we can advise that they take the treatment at home, and if the directions are not deviated from, a cure can be effected in every instance. THERE IS NOT A CASE OF SYPHILIS IN ANY OF ITS STAGES THAT SYPHILINE WILL NOT CURE. IT NEVER FAILS.

## OUR GUARANTEE.

We assert that we guarantee to cure Syphilis in any of its stages.

In order to avoid any misunderstanding in regard to our guarantee, we wish it distinctly understood that we do not offer, nor in any instance give this guarantee, only to patients that come here for treatment. It would be unwise in every sense to make any other proposition, only deception could be embodied in such an offer. In order to protect ourselves, and to guarantee, it is absolutely necessary that we administer the remedy under the personal supervision, and charge of our attending physician; by this means we know that the remedy is taken correctly and according to directions; to send it out promiscuously we could not know this. Our guarantee provides only that the money paid for treatment shall be refunded in case of failure to cure. We are not practicing quackery or deception of any kind, and our honorable reputation must be kept intact. It will be useless for the correspondent to waste words in asking for a guarantee to cure, unless he is prepared to come here for treatment.

We can do all we claim, viz: cure any case of Syphilis in any of its stages, but we must prescribe our own treatment, and administer it. In fact we challenge the world to produce a case we cannot cure.



## THE DETECTION OF THE QUEER

A Science Which Cannot be Learned Very Quickly.

LONG TRAINING IS NEEDED.

To this Must be Added a Natural Aptitude for the Business—Some Useful Hints From a Banker.

About Counterfeits.

Every one in this world has certain capacities, and he will excel who puts them to use. Therefore, not every person can become an expert in the handling of money, though he try ever so hard, says a writer in the Bankers' Monthly. There are many who never attain any great efficiency in the detection of spurious money, and again there are others with whom it is a natural gift, almost second nature. There are people who can perceive objects perfectly and clearly, but there is no instantaneous impression and their thoughts centralize slowly. Such people cannot make proficient tellers. They may keep this knowledge hidden to themselves, if not surrounded by keen eyes, but with all that, I honestly advise them to transfer their labors to some other department for which they are better fitted.

Again, there are many men who remain forever timid in the care and handling of money; who will look at a hundred dollar bill or a five hundred dollar bill with different eyes than upon lesser denominations, and who get slower in their work the more figures or sums awe them. For these men a teller's place is an uncongenial task. Of course, much improvement can be derived from practice and patience, but without talent it remains at the best up-hill work.

I venture to give you a little advice in this regard. Learn to look upon money as if upon mere figures; instead of thinking of its value (i. e., purchasing power), think only upon arithmetical amounts. This will assist you in overcoming any timidity you may have, and at the same time make your work quicker and safer.

Show bank managers will do well to weigh the capabilities of men carefully, before appointing them to the receiving teller's position; it is one which, more than any other in the bank, needs qualifications and adaptability of a certain kind, which must be inherent, because otherwise they can never be acquired to perfection.

The expertise of some city tellers in the detection of counterfeits is truly wonderful. It can only be explained by natural aptitude, long practice, and the sharpening of the intellect in one certain channel, brought about by being constantly confronted by fraudulent issues, and all sorts of ways and means used to pass the stuff on them. To an outsider it would almost seem as if these men could detect bad money instinctively.

No bank should be without a standard

publication on counterfeits. We have seen in the United States that there is up to the mark, and quick in sounding the alarm whenever new specimens appear in the market. But it will not do to lay these publications away on a shelf, as they make their regular appearance, and let them get moldy in dust and oblivion. May I ask you, if you ever look into it unless confronted with a counterfeit? The truth is, that unless you make these publications somewhat of a study, it will not help you in keeping counterfeits out of your drawer, though it will teach you the truth, after they are thrown back upon you. Most tellers—mind, I do not speak of city experts, but of the lesser lights—have an idea that they "know all about it," can tell a bad bill twenty feet off, know as much as the publishers and don't need to be posted. What nonsense! Show me the man too old to learn! If you want to become a first-rate teller, take your counterfeit detector and study page by page, by comparison with the genuine issues on hand. Take a strong magnifying glass, examine the good bills, and locate the spots where the defects come in on the counterfeits. Go from one denomination to another, from silver to gold, until the looks of the genuine bills and the weak spots in the counterfeits are engraved on your memory. Then you know where to look for the vulnerable spots, whenever you handle money, and will have no need to scrutinize the bill as a whole.

Besides, such investigations will teach you the currency and coin of your country. "Ah!" you will say, "what an ideal! Have handled it for years and years; know it like a book!" This is mere vanity. Try it once! There are but very few tellers who can correctly describe even those denominations most in circulation. Ask them for a superficial description only, and you will find that they get portraits, vignettes, etc., all mixed up. I think a man whose business it is to handle money from the beginning of the year to its end, should endeavor to post himself thoroughly, not only upon fraudulent issues, but also upon all the facts connected with American money; how it looks, how it is coined and manufactured; which is necessary to thoroughly master the subject.

There is nothing that will familiarize you more with the United States currency than such search and investigation as herein suggested.

Another good plan is to cut all newspaper items or telegrams speaking of spurious money, and of the manner in which banks are daily duped by "shovers of the queer." Paste them in a convenient place and read them over occasionally, so that your mind may be alert on the subject, making it difficult to get ensnared.

Now it is not to be expected that every clerk in the bank will follow these precepts. My advice is for tellers and the cashiers of smaller institutions who, owing to their positions, must, or rather, should, have a complete knowledge of everything concerning directly the handling of money. In order to become thoroughly acquainted with your calling, you must gather information from many quarters. I have written my bank library several works wrought by prominent detectives, treating upon nothing but bank robberies, bank burglaries, the secret work of counterfeiters and associates, etc., etc. Such works give one an idea of what one may expect in this line, and, therefore, must constantly guard against. So far these books have done me no good, but one of these days the knowledge gained thereby may save many thousands of dollars.

I will give you a case in point of what use the study of your profession is in

some cases. Several years ago two forgers did a large Texas city and victimized three banks, all on the same street, to the tune of \$700 to \$800 apiece. It was done so cleverly that not the slightest blame could attach to the respective cashiers. The owners of the banks considered the money lost for good, as the perpetrators had escaped into Mexico. One of the cashiers, however, worried about the matter and offered a reward. The fellows were caught in Mexico with about \$1,000 on hand. He kept himself informed by wire of the movements of the captors and the captives, and as soon as they reached Texas, fled suit, gave bond, and watching for a sight of it, levied on the very money taken from the forgers, when they were still on the train, thus saving his loss in full. But for his alertness, the man might not have been caught; but for his knowledge of the law, the captured money would have been divided amongst the three banks, after tedious waiting, if any were left after paying costs. The law always favors the diligent." Therefore, do not ridicule abstract study; its returns may not be apparent forthwith, but you are certain to profit pecuniarily by it sooner or later.

Have you ever met with any of the gentlemen styling themselves "traveling counterfeit detectors," who for \$10 or \$15 propose to teach you "all about it" in a quarter of an hour. If so, I can not, or rather need not give you any hint about them. But let me say that our currency would be a sorry thing if one could gain such knowledge in so short a time. It can not be obtained except by patient research and long practice. Theoretical teachings are worth nothing in these cases. Stick to the regular issues of counterfeit publications for information. If you will scan their pages diligently in the manner shown herein, they will teach you all that can possibly be taught you on the subject. Beware at all times of teachers, who, unacquainted with your faculties, promise to teach you with lightning speed what it takes human brains years to fathom and retain. Should you have taken in a counterfeit, I trust you are honest enough not to pass it further. If you do, you are an abettor of the counterfeiters, and the loss is sure to fall on some one. The fact that it was passed on you is no extenuation.

Should you find a counterfeit amongst the deposit of a customer, what is the right thing to do? This is a ticklish question. No doubt the proper thing would be to cancel it. Still, such a course, in a small place especially, is liable to create animosity and ill feeling. I, therefore, lean to the belief that a customer should be the guardian of his own conscience, and favor giving them back to him, and suggesting his duty in the premises. But who can well examine a coin without scratching or defacing it a little? Therefore, I don't find such coin passes freely around again. With paper counterfeits it is different. I keep a little book in which to note down and describe all such as come into my hands, together with name of person to whom I returned it, and date and other particulars of the transaction. This little scheme of mine has several times caused peculiar developments. It also becomes quite an interesting record in the course of years, teaching several things worth knowing.

Couldn't See Her Dead Child.

A heart-broken mother was not allowed to see the face of her dead child in Eastern last week because she had been separated from her husband. An officer was summoned, but the brutal husband placed the lid on the coffin and could not be induced to remove it.

## BOOTH AS A BARNSTORMER.

It Wasn't Shakespeare, But It Pleased the Virginians.

JOHN BRIGHT IN SOCIETY.

Always a Gentleman But Never a Fop—Canada's Grand Old Man and His Red Neckties—Current Anecdotes.

Shylock Modernized.

A story is told of Edwin Booth's experience that is good enough to be true, says the Baltimore American. Booth was "barn-storming" down in Virginia, called Lee's Landing. The improvised theater was a tobacco warehouse, and it was crowded by the planters for miles around. Booth and his companions had arranged to take the weekly steamer, expected to call late at night, and between the acts were busy packing up. The play was the "Merchant of Venice," and they were just going on for the third scene, when they heard a whistle, and the manager came in to say that the steamer had arrived and would leave again in ten minutes. As that was their only chance for a week of getting away, they were in a terrible quandary. The narrative proceeds:

"If we explain matters," said the manager, "they will think they are being cheated and we shall have a free fight. The only thing is for you fellows to get up some sort of a natural like impromptu ending of the piece and ring down the curtain. Go right ahead, ladies and gentlemen, and take your cue from Ned here," and he hurried away to get the luggage aboard. Ned, of course, was Bassanio, and he resolved to rely on the ignorance of the Virginians of these days to pull him through all right. So, when old George Ruggles, who was doing Shylock, began to sharpen his knife on his boot, Booth walked straight up to him and solemnly said:

"You are bound to have your pound of flesh, are you?"

"You bet your life!" said Ruggles. "Now, I'll make you one more offer." continued Booth; "in addition to this big bag of duets, I'll throw in two kegs of niggerhead torback, a shotgun and two of the best coon dogs in the state."

"I'm blasted if I don't do it!" responded Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco raisers and coon hunters to a man.

"And to show that there is no ill-feeling," put in Portia, "we'll wind up with a Virginia reel."

When they got on board the steamer, the captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play, remarked:

"Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, editor of The Magazine of American History, is one of the most unobtrusive women in New York. Years ago Mrs. Lamb brought out a novel entitled 'Spicy,' but she soon turned her attention to writing a more serious character, and her 'History of the City of New York' is a monument to her talent, research and indefatigable industry. She is petite, quiet, gentle-voiced, with a kindly and sympathetic face. Mrs. Lamb lives at the old-fashioned Coleman house, where, on

an upper floor, she has the coziest eyrie under the sun. She frequents society to a certain extent, and is a familiar figure during the season in Washington.

In the society of London Mr. Bright was a unique figure, says a London letter from George Smalley to the New York Tribune. Needless to say, he never was a man of fashion. There was a long period during which the world of fashion held aloof from him. It ended, however, when he became a cabinet minister and privy councillor. The tribune of the people, as some of his friends used to call him, had ceased to be thought dangerous by the classes. He was asked often to all sorts of houses and to all sorts of entertainments. While breakfasts were the fashion he went to breakfasts. I think your friend Joseph Choate, of New York, will remember meeting him at breakfast and walking home with him across Hyde Park. Mr. Bright, I know, remembered Mr. Choate and asked about him more than once afterward. He was charmed with the American manner and talk, and quite forgave him for being a great lawyer. Lawyers, great or little, were not, as a rule, favorites with him. He was not often, I think, to be seen at parties, but dined out rather frequently. His curiosity about the great world came late in life, but it came. He had a curious exactitude, and when he was asked to dinner—as years ago was the custom—for 7:45, used to arrive at 7:45, while his hostess was putting the last touches to her toilet. His habit had this advantage, that he could hear the names of the guests as they were announced at the door of the drawing room. If he did not hear, or if anyone came in whom he did not know, he used to interrogate the friend nearest him, eagerly: "Who is that?" And if he failed to recognize the name, "What is she?" Tell me something about her."

To more conventionalities he paid but scant respect. It was his habit to wear a black velvet waistcoat long after other people had ceased to wear them. I can remember ever to have seen one in London except his. It did not matter what he wore. There was no truer gentleman in the company—a phrase which is detestable, but has a meaning not easy to express briefly otherwise. There was no courtier personage than this Quaker, none whose manners were more perfect.

He preserved his seriousness of thought in the most frivolous society. Nobody had more humor or lightness in hand, but if the subject was serious or interested him deeply he said his say seriously, or, as in the story I am going to tell you, bore his testimony unflinchingly.

In the days of Mr. Gladstone's early unpopularity for society had repudiated against him long before he took home rule in hand—Mr. Bright was once dining at the same table with a certain princess. Her royal highness made a remark disparaging to the liberal leader. Mr. Bright turned to her gravely. "May I ask you, ma'am, have you any children?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Let me beg of you, ma'am to take them to the first opportunity where they may see Mr. Gladstone. When they see him say to them that he is the Englishman whom God has permitted to do greater service to his own country than than almost any other in his time."

George Bancroft is very particular to remove his glove before shaking hands, whether at a simple "call" or a chance meeting on the street. Victor Hugo would never kiss a lady's gloved hand, and if the hand were offered the aged poet very coolly unfastened the glove and found the desired place. Ladies knowing his adherence to the tenet of a

past generation took the precaution, when going to pay their respects to the poet, to wear loose gauntlet gloves.

Attorney-General Miller, like his immediate predecessor, does not like the idea of a swallow-tail suit. In fact, he never wore one at Indianapolis, and his friends expected to see him follow the example of Mr. Garland and refuse to perform the social duties of his office. When the partner of General Harrison in the law business arrived in Washington he looked like a plain country lawyer on an outing; his suit a rusty black had an old-fashioned cut and set; he wore a turn-down collar with a shoe string necktie, and the kind of high-top boots which allow the trousers to find refuge when the snow is deep. Straggling and untrimmed waltzers fringed his honest face. But the women folks have been making suggestions, evidently, for the night of the reception of the Japanese princess, the attorney-general, Russell Sage, goes out over lobby and it took three looks to identify him. He wore an elegant full dress suit of fine material, fashionably cut and a perfect fit, and he looked perfectly at home in it. A snowy bosom was decorated with a row of buttons on the glossy pincud collar, and he was hedged around with a lawn tie of the regulation order. Patent leather shoes encased his feet. But at the other end of the most marked change had taken place. Those whiskers had been turned in hand by a professional whisker trimmer and reduced to a cut so neat and becoming that it changed the appearance of his face to a marked degree. The transformation was complete—the attorney-general has already become a social lion.

In the light buggy drawn by a fine pair of bay trotters the famous millionaire, Russell Sage, goes out over Fifth avenue each afternoon for a drive in the park, says a New York letter to the Pittsburgh Post. If there is one man in New York who looks unlike a great financier, Mr. Sage is he. I have seen him, for instance, in a pair of old, back-laying furs bearing exact resemblance to Mr. Sage. He has their ungainly figure, their rustic simplicity of visage, and grows his beard in their severely unornamental style. This beard is always in a state of unkempt blackness from age, the roots showing the dusty whiteness, which is the natural color. His long upper lip is shaven, and his gray hair is brushed forward in smooth strips above the ears.

Mr. Sage has the reputation of being exceptionally close in money matters. The fact is he is apt to be extravagant in large dealings, but in the smaller expenses of everyday life he is indeed surprisingly mean. He saves a cent with the thoughtful care of a very poor man. A story was printed in a newspaper not long ago which was intended to ridicule this trait of Mr. Sage's character. It was told that in buying some ready-made clothes, far finer than at a well-known clothier's he dropped his pocket book, containing a large amount of money, on the floor, and did not discover his loss until he had got back to his office. He returned immediately to the clothing establishment and stated his loss at the desk. He was assured that one of the boys on the floor had found the pocketbook. The boy was called up and introduced to Mr. Sage. The millionaire took back the pocketbook, patted the boy on the head and said:

"You are an honest lad, and you will get your reward in heaven."

This story was printed as substantiated by the proprietors of the clothing house. But the facts of the case were that Mr. Sage knew perfectly well that in trying on coats in the place, he had

followed out his regular custom of transferring his pocketbook from one coat to another, and that he neglected to do so. He was positive the clerk who waited on him found the pocketbook and took it to the desk. A scheme to get a reward from the millionaire was arranged by accrediting the discovery through the job industry to an attorney, remark to the boy about getting his reward in heaven was a very sarcastic and deserved thrust at the management of the clothing house. Since then he has never bought his clothes at this place, but he still gets them ready made, and is doubtless today the worst dressed man of wealth in New York.

HELPING TO HANG HIMSELF.

Unparalleled Coolness of an Innocent Man on the Gallows.

In a handsome mansion situated in a lonely part of England there resided, a few years ago, a maiden lady of considerable wealth, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press. One morning she was discovered foully murdered. Her man servant, named Lee, was suspected, arrested and convicted on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced to be hanged. So conclusive seemed the evidence against the prisoner that no attempt whatever was made on the part of the public to induce the home secretary to exercise executive clemency. The day of the execution having arrived, the prisoner was led forth to suffer the extreme penalty. The rope to be used, the texture of which was silk and hemp, had been as customary in such cases, tested with the aid of sand-bags, and was not found wanting. The bolt was drawn and the prisoner was given a drop of eight feet. The rope broke. Lee, by this time considerably stunned. However, after the lapse of a few moments, he again ascended, unaided, the steps, and after doing all in his power to ally the nervousness of the hangman, assisted the latter in once more fixing the rope. The prisoner placed himself on the trap-door; the bolt was pulled and the condemned man dropped once more out of view. The rope parted for the third time. After considerable delay Lee once more placed himself in the executioner's hands, but that personage and the other officials, horrified at what seemed a divine interposition, refused to proceed further with the business. The facts were reported to the home secretary, who at once resented the prisoner, condemning him to imprisonment for life.

Three years later a woman, who was Lee's fellow-servant, confessed on her dying bed that it was she who killed her mistress. She declared that Lee had no connection whatever with the affair, and stated facts strongly confirmatory of her confession.

Instances may possibly have occurred in which an equal amount of physical courage has been displayed, but outside of the case of Lee there cannot be cited a single case in which bravery ever played a more conspicuous part than in the incident above detailed.

Uncle Sam's War Vessels.

Of all the war vessels of the United States the largest and most powerful will be the Maine. She will be 310 feet long, with a breadth of 55 feet, a displacement of 6,048 tons and a horse power of 9,000. She will have two batteries, and her armor will be eleven inches thick. She will be a very ugly customer for any hostile vessel to attack.